

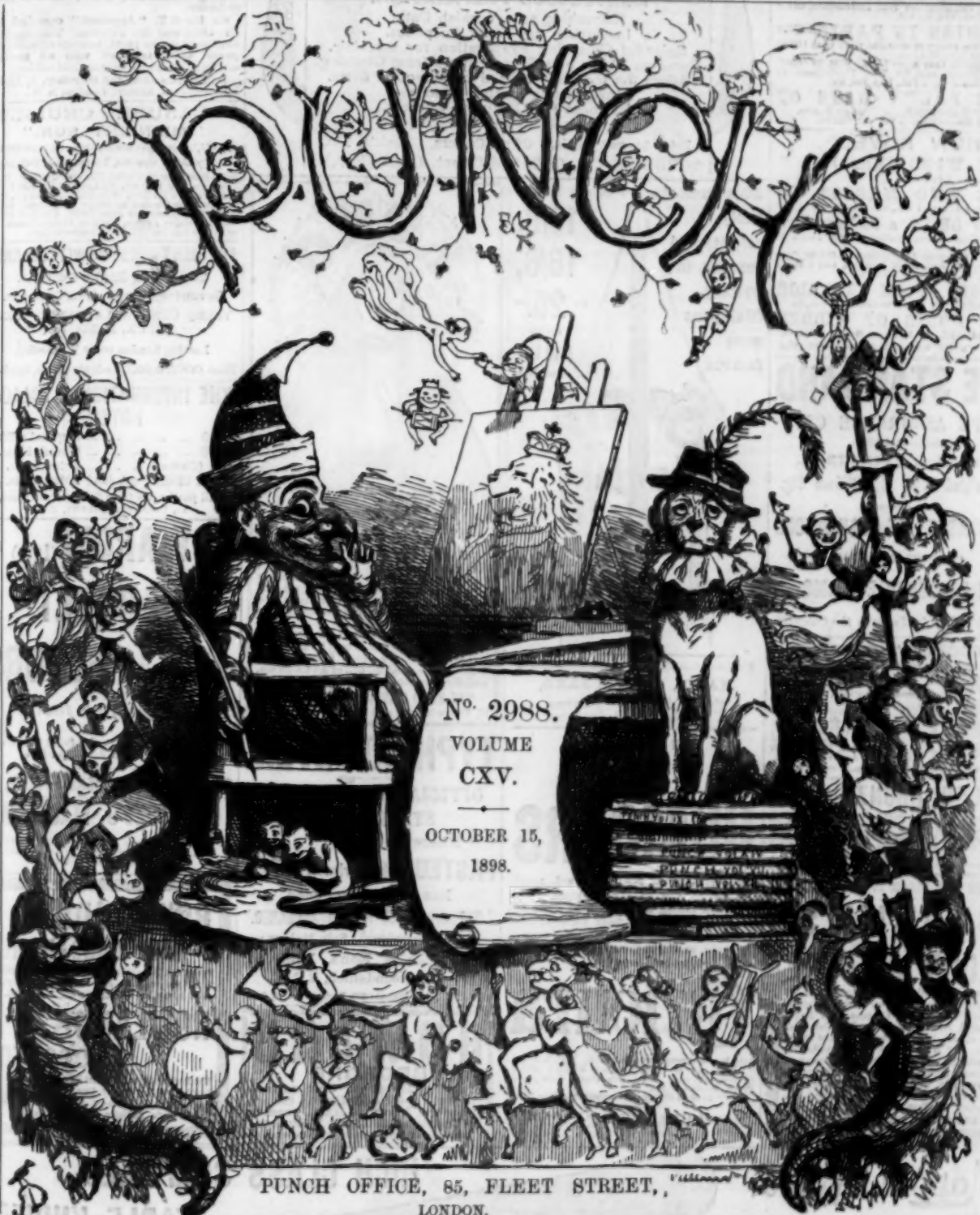
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HE DIDN'T MEAN TO LOSE THAT.

"MIFFINE, THE BOOK-KEEPER TELLS ME THAT YOU HAVE LOST THE KEY OF THE SAFE, AND HE CANNOT GET AT THE BOOKS."

"YES, SIR, ONE OF THEM. YOU GAVE ME TWO, YOU REMEMBER."

"YES; I HAD DUPLICATES MADE IN CASE OF ACCIDENT. AND THE OTHER!"

"OH, SIR, I TOOK CARE OF THAT. I WAS AFRAID I MIGHT LOSE ONE OF THEM, YOU KNOW."

"AND IS THE OTHER ALL RIGHT?"

"YES, SIR. I PUT IT WHERE THERE WAS NO DANGER OF IT BEING LOST. IT IS IN THE SAFE, SIR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE current month's volume of the Biographical Edition of THACKERAY's works (SMITH, ELDER), being the sixth, is compact of the novelist's contributions to *Punch*. "Much of my father's best work," Mrs. RITCHIE writes, in the always interesting introduction, "will be associated with the name of the friendly and supernatural being, *Mr. Punch*." THACKERAY's first contribution, "Mrs. Tickletoy's Lectures on English History," was avowedly not a success, a conclusion that does not surprise, in consideration of its somewhat elaborate and heavy fun. It did not prevent his being invited to join the staff of *Punch*, a step accomplished at Christmas time, 1843. Mrs. RITCHIE writes, he "took his seat at the *Punch* table as a successor to ALBERT SMITH." That is a mistake. ALBERT SMITH never advanced beyond the position of an outside contributor, and never dined at the table. In the next year THACKERAY made a distinct hit with "The Fat Contributor's Notes of Travel." Then came the immortal *Jeames* writing from "Buckley Square." The Book of Snobs, and a series of imitations of novels by eminent hands followed in due course. By a letter written half a century ago to Mrs. PROCTER, my Baronite observes that in these early days *Mr. Punch* and his Young Men used to dine on a Monday "at five o'clock sharp." THACKERAY not only wrote but drew for *Punch*, his sketches being estimated to reach close upon four hundred. Through ten years he sat weekly at the Old Mahogany Tree, where his initials, engraved in firm hand, are to this day seen among the signatures of others who have gone, and some who have come.

Life is but short.
When we are gone,

Let them sing on
Round the old Tree.

Meanwhile, it is pleasant and entertaining to have in the compendious form of this volume contributions of one eminent among the old boys.

If you want to go to Cuba, you had better "take your DAVEY," which is not a brief form of legal oath, but is meant as a piece of sound advice to those who are interested, as so many of us

"I doubt it," said the Carpenter." By the way, although THACKERAY ceased his regular weekly contributions to *Punch*, he retained his seat as one of the Staff at "the Table," and occasionally took part in the discussion on topics of the day.—ED.

are just now, in *The Story of Cuba* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), as it is told by the descriptive writer whose surname is given above, and whose Christian name is RICHARD. What delightful travelling! Jungles and virgin forests, through which you must cut a passage with a hatchet (does the artful explorer merely imply that you must "axe your way?"), or set fire to the impenetrable tangle and issue forth in a blaze of triumph. Then when our daring "Mas'r Davey Bo" ("for which overhaul David Copperfield, and when found, make a note of"), hot and weary, was longing for a bath in cool, pellucid lakes, he was informed by his guide that to take such a plunge would be fatal, as the bed (of the river, not the traveller's) was alive with snakes big enough to take down Mr. DAVEY, as a succulent morsel, at one gulp. So, as the sun declined, Mr. DAVEY followed this brilliant luminary's example, and also declined—to bathe. His account of the secret societies that brought about the rebellion is most interesting. Astonishing, too, is the impotence of President CLEVELAND to stop the filibusters who were doing such serious injury not only to Spanish interests, but to all chance of peaceable government. To all we recommend Mr. RICHARD DAVEY's recently-published work.

FRANK LOCKWOOD was happy in his life. After his death, he has been fortunate in that Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL undertook to write a record of his too brief career. A *Biographical Sketch* Mr. BIRRELL modestly, and in the main accurately, calls the work which SMITH, ELDER publish. It is slightly built, but perfectly proportioned, based on intimate personal knowledge of the subject, with keen appreciation of his ever bubbling, sometimes boyish, humour. Those who did not know FRANK LOCKWOOD in the flesh will here get bright glimpses of his character, and will, at least in part, understand what a delight was his companionship, how precious his friendship. Lord ROSEBERY contributes to the book a simple yet glowing tribute to the memory of a lost friend. Not the least charming, because the most characteristic, touches in the book are the brief letters written by LOCKWOOD to his young daughters, with sketches illustrating passages in the quaintly-fabled lives of the wicked Moses and the guileless Aunt Maria.

Mrs. BRODRICK's *Ananias* (METHUEN & Co.) is in no way related to the "stock of BARABBAR," in which Miss MARIE CORRELLI some time ago invested. Which of the two liars in this story the authoress intends for *Ananias*, the Baron is at a loss to determine. The essential plot of the tale is neither particularly pleasant nor startlingly new, "yet 'twill serve" any novel-devourer whose taste is as yet unjaded. The loveless man and plain woman agreeing to marry only for mutual pecuniary advantage under a will, and the man subsequently falling in love with a talented and pretty girl, are not materials so entirely fresh as they might have been. The finish is probable, but too commonplace for any reader in search of a sensation. The style of the writer pleasantly imposes on the reader "old lamps for new," and it is not until he has gone too far not to advance to the end that the experienced peruser, being aggrieved, says to himself, "I rather think I've heard something like this before."

To find an amusing story, a story that, by its whimsicality, really makes you laugh, is so rare, nowadays, that the Baron is delighted at having the chance of recommending such an one to his friends in *The Duke and the Damsel*, written by RICHARD MARSH, and published by C. ARTHUR PARSON, Ltd. Any one reading this book on the Baron's recommendation, will agree with him in wishing that the wicked, vulgar old mother had been ultimately shown to be in no way related to the two charming girls, of whom one is the heroine of the story. It may be, on the whole, a trifle too exaggerated, and the conversations unduly spun out: but here comes in the fine art of the practised novel-reader who knows how to skip, and the judicious skipper will be rewarded.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE PALL MALL PUZZLE.

STRAIGHT may be right: WRIGHT may be straight:

Conversely, crooked ways are wrong.

Truth will prevail, for 'truth is great,
Let's hope "we shan't be long."

WRIGHT seems in straits if STRAIGHT is right:

The straighter writer, who shall say?

If STRAIGHT's astray, 'tis WRIGHT who might
Be righted straightaway.

Un Mot, S.V.P.!

CHER M. PONCHE,—Permettez! Comment voulez-vous qu'un MARCHAND, tout seul, s'oppose à une "Nation de Marchands!" Allez!

Tout à vous,

PIED DE NEZ.



COOK'S CRUSADER.

Imperial Knight-Templar (the German Emperor—to SALADIN). "WHAT!! THE CHRISTIAN POWERS PUTTING PRESSURE UPON YOU, MY DEAR FRIEND!! HORRIBLE! I CAN'T THINK HOW PEOPLE CAN DO SUCH THINGS!"

PHILOSEMEIOTISISCOMISTOCRAPHISTS.

[“A French stamp-collector is dissatisfied at being called a philatelist. Stamp-collectors, he considers, have a right to be called philosemeiotisismistographists.”—*The Globe*.]

DESCEND, ye Nine! Descend and sing!
Without your best assistance
I can't so much as name this thing
That's come into existence.
Descend, Urania! Descend,
Melpomene and Clio!
Pronounce this word-without-an-end,
Pronounce Philosemeio—

In vain! Not all your arts, ye Nine,
Can work through half the letters,
And I must even seek the shrine
Of them that are your betters.
Ye Gods! to you my prayer I raise!
Put forth your best devices,
And help me when I try to praise
Philosemeiotis—

What! Have not even ye availed?
Then is our case distressful,
For when the very Gods have failed
Who else may be successful?
Ah! there is yet one hope—yes, thee,
I call on thee, Mephisto,
Come! help me sing of Philosé-
meiotisismisto—

Ah! cruel, cruel! Foiled again,
When I'd all but succeeded!
Can any mortal lungs contain
One half the breath that's needed?
If Muses, Gods, and D— too,
Can get it no correcter,
I think 'twould be as well, don't you,
To stick to “Stamp-collector.”

DARBY JONES ON RACING CONTRASTS AND THE CESAREWITCH.

HONOURED SIR,

From Leicester to Kempton is quite a Shock to the Racing System. I should imagine that no greater Contrast could exist than that between the Battlefields of Leicester and Kempton, unless it be that separating Waterloo from Omdurman. In the Midlands it is all Business without much Pleasure; in the South it is Pleasure with Business tacked on like an Extra Lace Flounce to a Duchess's Court Gown. Kempton is the most enjoyable of meetings, because, as my patron the Hon. FLIPLATT (about to leave Oxford College) observed on Friday, after securing a handsome Souvenir, thanks to the prescience of a Fortune-teller, who shall be as *Incognito* as the Heir Apparent when he travels abroad, “At Kempton,” he said, “there's no beastly crushing. It's like racing in your own back garden.” And so it is. Note the Programme: “Going—Cab to Waterloo; Train to Kempton; Under Cover to Stand. Returning—Under Cover from Stand; Train to Waterloo; Cab Home.” What could be more perfect?

Far different is the state of things at Newmarket. Monsieur LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT might pitch his tent in a secluded corner of the “blasted Heath” for several weeks without being disturbed; but when the rush did come, he would probably be ridden over and pulverized by the tread of Cobs, Ponies, and other small Equine Deer; for whereas at Kempton Locomotion by Rail is the Great Incentive to Racing, at Newmarket it is perambulation on Four-legs which makes Everybody move. But the Jockey Club Metropolis is over-



Lady of the House (to Bore, who generally calls just as she is about to go sho ping). “WON'T YOU LET ME RING FOR A LITTLE REFRESHMENT FOR YOU?”
Bore. “I THINK I'LL TAKE A LITTLE SOMETHING JUST BEFORE I GO.”
Lady of the House. “OH, THEN, DO HAVE IT NOW!”

built. Bricks and Mortar do not create Inhabitants, and one of these days that Sprightly Sportsman, Sir EDWARD LAWSON, may, like Monsieur LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT, or Robinson Crusoe, or Sir EDWARD SEAWARD, find himself Monarch of all he surveys.

Meantime, let me turn on the Pierian tap, which is cheaper to you, honoured Sir, than Water in the East-End, and far more refreshing, I humbly trust, to your readers. Plunging my spurs into Pegasus, I finish for the Anglo-Muscovite Contest with these lines which have no reference to difficulties in the Far East. Remembering the great struggle last year between Merman and Rush, I chortle with all confidence:

*Let her go and the Party who's hot
With the Aster Girl may show the way,
And the Beaver be nigh on the spot
When the Ermine the course cannot stop.
Duke's Order I'll take for a shop,
And also the Man of the Sea;
While I cannot see what is to stop
Rook Monarch as first out of three!*

Trusting that some Winter Provender may be supplied for my numerous Patrons, I remain, honoured Sir, with a particularly slender purse, your pheasantless (despite the season) but faithful follower,

DARBY JONES.

“BUST UP!”—MR. DAN LENO'S, at “RULE'S,” Maiden Lane, unveiled by Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL, Wednesday, October 5. A great day for England! Just the place for it, RULE's well-known Oyster-shop, where a living presentment of the side-splitting and original comedian will “astonish the natives.”

UGH!—It was generally reported in the daily papers that the KHEDIVA of Egypt, on arriving at Constantinople, was received at the station, on behalf of H.M. the SULTAN, by “BEHEDDIN BEY.” *Absit omen!* Of course, “What's in a name?”—but, for all that, not exactly pleasant for the KHEDIVA.



Excited Scotchman (who has just hooked a fish). "I'M DASHED FEARED I'LL LOOSE MY HALF-CROWN FLEE!"

GULLIVER THE SECOND.

PERSONALLY, I have never doubted the fact of my existence. Many persons are sceptical because I cannot quote exact time and place of my birth, but I would remind these that it is not unusual to forget the precise circumstances of one's arrival in the world. Passionately fond of adventure, I was a mere boy when I sailed in the schooner — of — (no good filling in the blanks, because people only turn up registers and pretend that such ships don't exist), in search of Treasure Island. Having found this (I am no scientist, and cannot fix lat. and long.), we took on board a cargo of Bank of England notes, rejecting the gold on

account of its weight and bulk, and set out homeward bound. Had we been content with less, we should have secured more, for we had so laden the schooner with notes, that at the very first breeze we met she shipped a sea and sank like a stone. All hands perished except myself. I luckily caught hold of a frightened dolphin, and although a little upset at the loss of our treasure, determined to continue my course for London, where I knew I should have no difficulty in starting a syndicate to recover it.

At first my progress was slow, and slightly jerky, but having caught a passing shark, I dismissed the dolphin, and harnessed my new acquisition to a spar—*Dum spiro sparo!*—guiding it by means of a bit

which providentially I happened to have in my pocket. This greatly increased my speed, and now I made, as I reckoned, twenty-five to thirty knots an hour. I sighted a white line which I took to be the cliffs of Dover. I soon discovered my mistake, for on going up to what I fancied was the Customs House, in place of the customary savage official, I was greeted by a courtly cannibal, who expressed in the most gentlemanly manner his desire to kill and eat me. But no one need come to harm if he knows how to make a certain sign which is understood by savages the wide world over. Placing my right thumb to the point of my nose, I extended the fingers straight out towards the cannibal. The effect was instantaneous.

As soon as he had mastered his feelings, he hurried me off to be introduced to his relatives, who, on learning that I had made the sign of their tribe, the Guttarbhoys, greeted me with effusive affection. They asked a thousand questions in their guttural tongue, for which I had ready answers. The Guttarbhoys listened with wonder and awed delight. (Savages are so much more reasonable than civilised men; they do not expect you to prove the truth of every word you utter, nor do they set able Editors upon you to try and catch you tripping.) I was their hero, and they could not do enough for me. The Elders of the tribe brought such of their wives as they most honoured, and insisted on my accepting the female crowd as a present. Now the wives they most honour are those who will never see fifty again. There were more than a hundred of them. If I did not accept, it would have been considered an insult, and I should have been roasted whole. So I accepted, escaped roasting, and in the d-k night, I fled, swimming in the direction of Greenwich. * * * Safe!!

[The distinguished traveller who has written the above most interesting article, wishes it to be distinctly understood that, as far as his memory serves him, he has never once during his wanderings had the good luck to meet M. DE ROUGE-MONT. No doubt it is a pleasure to come. "Why, one of these days," adds our esteemed correspondent, "he and I might be in the very same jungle without knowing it!"



"Lay thy sweet hand in mine, and trust in me." *Tennyson.*

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE same (more or less) trusted correspondent who wrote in our columns last week upon the Chinese situation—dating his communication from Colney Hatch—has sent us the following. We endeavoured to read it in the ordinary manner, first; then sideways, and finally, upside down. All, however, in vain, and we submit it (with great misgivings) to the public, in the fervent hope that what appears dark to us, may—or may not—seem sense to them. He writes thus:—

"From diligent enquiries made on the spot, it seems that in regard to the present great mysteries of Paris (no connection with EUGENE SUE), M. DRUMONT, after calling for a *petit bleu* and a small soda, commenced his attack on DREYFUS in the *Libre Parole*. The attack was hazy—almost ESTERHazy—but still, clear enough to denote that the Jews were the objects aimed at. Being re-jews—beg pardon, reduced to this expedient, the Minister of War consulted with the Bordereau (don't quite know what a Bordereau is, but should fancy it is a sort of law officer of the Republic), and came to the conclusion that a revision was inevitable. Public opinion, in the name of France, demanded it—"ask for it and see you get it," as the posters say—Colonel Pâté de Foies-Gras will now be tried by the Court of Cassation for complicity in— Oh, very well, then, I'll come quietly, if it's exercise time in the back-yard. Sorry, dear Editor, to break off so abruptly, but these big, rough attendants worry one so, and they will not be denied. Only yesterday I heard one of them saying to another that "He" (meaning me) "is not likely to be violent, but is certainly a bit balmy about the crumpet." Now, Sir, I ask you, what did those mystic words mean?

Tout à vous sous la Lune,

P.S.—Most curious thing. I have forgotten my own name. Must ask my keeper what it is before I can sign this.

WAITING.

WAITER, who serenely waitest
With a napkin in thy hand,
While my 'bus (and 'tis the latest)
Rumbles nearer down the Strand;
Tell me, waiter, does it never
Strike thy transcendental brow,
'Buses will not wait forever
Quite as patiently as thou?

Dost thou think thine Art the greatest
That thou'dst teach it to a few?
I wait, waiter, whilst thou waitest,
And my chop is waiting, too.
All things wait except my "Putney"—
There! it's past—I saw it then!
And as yet I've naught but Chutney,
And a little red Cayenne.

I've a picture, wrought in copper,
Of "VICTORIA D. G."
And, when thou shouldst bring my topper,
I had destined it for thee.
But—my wrath grows great and greater,
Thinking of the walk from town—
Now thou'lt wait till Doomsday, waiter,
Ere thou get my dusty brown.

"BUT ME NO BUTTS."—Wednesday, October 5. Leeds. Sir ARTHUR lifts his *bâton*. Strike up! *Elijah* is about to begin. The first violinist looks up beseechingly. Sir ARTHUR pauses, *bâton* raised. "But," whispers to him the violinist in a tremolo voice. Sir ARTHUR cuts him short. "There is no BUTT," says he, sternly, and whack goes the stick. Then, subsequently, Miss CLARA BUTT wrote to the *Daily Telegraph*, and explained how it was that, though always perfectly in tune, on this occasion only she, quite unconsciously, did not keep time.

THE CITY OF ROME.—In the *Times* report of the doings of the Court of Common Council, we read:—"Replying to Mr. ROME, who asked what steps were to be taken to abate the smoke nuisance in the City, Mr. Deputy WHITE said," &c. Well, it doesn't matter what Deputy WHITE said; that's not the point. But how comes it that there can be any discussion after Ro has spoken? "*Roma locuta: causa finita*": Mr. ROME has spoken, and there's an end. In future, let us hope that ROME will simply deliver himself oracularly, and so act up to his ancient and glorious name.



NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND (?)

"WHICH DEPARTMENT, PLEASE, MADAM!" "CORSETS."

"OH! WOULD I WERE A BIRD!"—Old Song.

SOME most interesting information by Mr. WALTER ROTHSCHILD, well known as a skilled naturalist and collector of rarest specimens, written in a delightfully natural style, is given in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month. He entitles it, "Rough Notes on the Birds of the Bass Rock and Neighbouring Shores." The notes, however, are not at all rough on the birds, for he handles his feathered friends as ISAAC WALTON recommends his pupils to handle the gentles, "as tho' he loved them"; and he does. The name of "Bass Rock" sounds most refreshing. From its position, it would of course be a Draughty Bass Rock, not Bottled. What a chance for the sea birds! Here the Solan Goose plays his Bass solo; and a wise or Solon Goose he is, making the Bass Rock his Philosopher's Stone. Here the Gannets lay a solitary egg: sporting birds they are, evidently, laying one to two on The Rock. But, à propos of "The Rock," perhaps at some future time Mr. WALTER ROTHSCHILD will tell us something about that Gigantic Roc that flew away with *Sinbad the Sailor* and kindly dropped him *en route*. A delightful place of resort is this Bass Rock! Here there are pretty little Ducks—bless 'em—and, of course, plenty of geese. In the evening, without any dancing or spirit license, they enjoy the music of the Sand-piper and the dainty entertainment provided (very occasionally) by the Humming-bird, while the red-throated Diver, coming up as fresh as a Lark, sings, "How happy could I be with eider!" Verily 'tis a Birds' Paradise.

ADVICE.—M. UNLIMITED LOU-IS DE ROUGE-MONT, after reading his *Daily Chronicle* of Friday, October 7, will apply to himself the somewhat cold comfort suggested by his own name, i.e., "'Grin' and bear it." He could bring out his lectures under the title of "Grin's Goblins, and other Fairy Tales."

"A HAND TO MOUTH EXISTENCE."—The dentist's. Only it's his own hand and somebody else's mouth.



Mother. "BOBBY, IT'S VERY NAUGHTY OF YOU TO GO OFF BIRDS'-NESTING WITHOUT TELLING ME. I'M QUITE SURPRISED AT YOU!"

Bobby (ingenuously). "YES, MOTHER I'M REALLY QUITE SURPRISED AT MYSELF!"

THE SON OF HEAVEN DISCUSSES HIS AUNT.

["The Emperor of CHINA's proposed reforms included the introduction of Christianity and the abolition of pig-tails."] "Peking is in a state of riot."

LATER.

"Sixty foreign devils, consisting of thirty British Marines and thirty Russian Cossacks, have arrived at Peking."

"Absolute peace reigns in the capital."

"The Emperor's death would not in any way affect the political situation."—*Daily Press*.]

Who took me from my little throne,
Trotting me off to gaol alone
With language very rude in tone?

My Aunt!

Who ran to smack me when I fell,
And wished the Son of Heaven in H-ll,
Till I was really quite unwell?

My Aunt!

Who was it, when I urged reform,
Came at me like a thunderstorm,
And made the place extremely warm?

My Aunt!

Who, when I ventured to embrace
The principles of Christian grace,
Just flung CONFUCIUS in my face?

My Aunt!

And when I feebly dared to state
That piggy-tails were out of date,
Who nearly scalped her nephew's pate?

My Aunt!

And who revives the ancient gang
Headed by hoary LI HUNG CHANG,
While my reformers go and hang?

My Aunt!

Who talks of stepping in to use
My rather dainty pair of shoes,
And never once consults my views?

My Aunt!

Who tells the journals every day
That I shall shortly pass away,
Having the seeds of sure decay?

My Aunt!

Who says that if I die or not
It won't affect the case a jot,
Since anyhow she's on the spot?

My Aunt!

Who sends to summon *ventre à terre*
Each native doctor from his lair,
A class of men I cannot bear?

My Aunt!

Who hints that in my shocking pride
I will not let them touch my hide,
But mean to do a suicide?

My Aunt!

Whom is it needless to remind
That I am not that way inclined,
And shall do nothing of the kind?

My Aunt!

Ah! gallant Colonel PICQUART, you
Are in a tightish corner too!
But mine is worse: you never knew

My Aunt!

"There is much Virchow in 'if.'"

DEAR PROFESSOR PUNCH,—Do you happen to know whether your *confère* Professor VIRCHOW is a pessimist? Why do I ask? Because I am informed that in his recent Huxleian lecture he told his audience that "Life is a sell." Sad, very!

Yours, NILLIE D'ESPERANDUM.

P.S.—No matter. Virchow is his own reward.

TO A SCION OF THE "SWISS FAMILY R"-OUEMONT.

FROM month to month the tale unfurled
Of marvels in the wide, wide world

Your mysteries unravels:
Of cruises in the Southern Seas,
Grim feasts in the Antipodes,
Strange sojournings and travels.

We trace the boomerang's slant flight
(At least you guide your boom aright)

After the quarry hurtle;
We see your dusky southern bride,
We watch you as you sit astride
The fiery untamed turtle.

Across the setting sun in herds
The wombats flit—unlikely birds!—
Before the "Second Crusoe";

Yet who will venture to deny
That haply humble wombats fly,
When pigs, you know, might do so?

With wondrous tales already known
The sceptic then compares your own,
As out he seeks to bowl them;
He sneers at each discrepancy,
While if the incidents agree

He holds that proves you stole them.

Careless if aimed with truth or guile,
At shift and shaft alike we smile—
(Sure never long-bow shot so)—

While we at least this moral glean,
Though possibly your name is "Green,"
Yet you yourself are not so.



SOLD!

OOM PAUL (*disgusted*). "WHY, I CAN'T GET TO THE SEA AT ALL!"



JALLAND, 98

Cycle Millionaire (acquiring accomplishments). "Hi! STOP HIM! STOP HIM! I'VE LOST THAT CONFOUNDED LEFT PEDAL AGAIN!"

PUT TO THE TEST.

IN consequence of the many cycle accidents that have occurred of late in London, it has been suggested that the authorities should adopt the German system of permitting those cyclists only to ride who can pass a satisfactory examination. Although the decision has not yet been made public, it has been already settled that such an examination shall be instituted. Part of it will be practical, and every rider, to gain his certificate of proficiency, will have to give an exhibition of his skill in Battersea Park. In addition to this, he will have to satisfy the examiners by written answers to a paper of questions. Mr. Punch has managed to secure an advance-copy of the first examination-paper, with which every cyclist will shortly be confronted. It reads as follows:—

1. Conjugate the verb "to sideslip." If a rider A, on a bicycle B, meets two parallel tram-lines CD on a muddy day, prove that the meeting of AB and CD will probably result in the equation: $AB = A - \frac{B}{2}$

2. "Force is indestructible" (JOULE's law). Does this hold good in the case of the Police Force? If a cycle A coincide with a policeman PC at any given point, calculate the amount of heat generated by the violent impact of A on PC. According to your experience, does $PC + LSD = PC^2$?

3. Solve the following problem. In a narrow street, a large waggon is travelling at the rate of 1 mile an hour. Behind the waggon, a cyclist is travelling at the rate of 5 miles an hour. Behind the cyclist, a butcher's cart is travelling at the rate of 12 miles an hour. All are moving in the same direction, and there is not room for the cyclist to pass the waggon. What should the cyclist do? Show that if he is killed his death is entirely due to his "furious riding."

4. Translate into English, where possible, and give suitable answers to the following remarks:—

- (a) "Take yer bloomin' pram. out of my 'oomes' way, can't yer?"
- (b) "Why donjer ring yer bell?"
- (c) "Stop that blessed alarm!"
- (d) "Izher up there, stoopid!"

(e) "Who're yer talkin' to young man if I likes to stand in the middle of the road what business is it of yours which if I did my dooty I'd summons yer that I would dratted impudence!"

When all the above sentences are being addressed simultaneously to a cyclist, what should he reply?

5. Give the derivation of the verb "to scorch." What pace per hour, in your opinion, constitutes "scorching"? Prove by example that the mean velocity of any given cyclist varies directly with the imagination of the nearest policeman.

6. Comment on this recently-discovered fragment from the works of SOCRATES:—

"Wherefore of all accusations, oh judges, this is surely the most unreasonable. For my progress indeed was not due to any strength of horses, but to severe labour with my feet, the pedals also revolving by the same means. Therefore I, journeying by means of my feet, am wholly guiltless of wrongdoing in that I rode along the footpath, the name itself showing that it was designed for this very end. Yet, by Zeus, these my accusers would exact from me forty drachmai and costs, alleging some byelaw as their plea. But they who disobey byelaws, it seems, contribute to the public revenue, than which no act more clearly marks the good citizen. Hence it is evident that he who breaks most byelaws is the best citizen, and yet is he dragged before you, ye judges, as a wrongdoer, rather than, as is fitting, accorded public honour. Next, as touching the watercart"

NOT EXACTLY A THEATRICAL MANAGER'S GUIDING MOTTO.—"Piece at any price."

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—"The Guards at Waterloo" (Station).



NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

If the Battle of Waterloo was won at Eton, the Battle of Omdurman was won at the bootmakers'!

"Many of the Grenadiers spoke in the heartiest terms of the way in which their boots had worn. If one asked them what was the distinguishing feature of the campaign, the answer was 'boots.'"

—*Full Mail Gazette*, October 6.]



PREHISTORIC FASHODA.

There was an eccentric "tribe" in those days who had a most ludicrous little way of creeping in and squatting on other people's property; the more untemperable the ground the more they gloated over their bravery and sagacity in getting there. They relied on the charity of the invaded tribe for food and clothing, and the means of communicating with their friends. It was a transient joy, but afforded them exquisite pleasure while it lasted.



First Bluejacket. "WELL, MATEY, WOT 'APPENED!"

Second Bluejacket. "LEUTENANT, 'E REPORTS AS 'OW I WERE DIRTY, AN' MY 'AMMICK WEREN'T CLEAN, AN' CAPTIN, 'E SAYS, 'WASH 'IS BLOOMIN' NECK, SCRUB 'IS BLOOMIN' FACE, AN' CUT 'IS BLOOMIN' 'AIR, EVERY TEN MINNITS!"

BLOSSOMS AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

WHY aren't Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL "always with us" when they have such a piece as *The Elder Miss Blossom*, by Messrs. HENDRIE and WOOD, to fill the St. James's, nightly, and to make their audiences smile, laugh heartily, struggle hysterically with tears, and, in a general way, thoroughly enjoy themselves? Granting the play's rather improbable premises, the plot is cleverly managed, and the embroglio is that of genuine comedy. The only fault in the writing is that the "asides" are too pronounced in the stately old-fashioned way, and are inartistically introduced. They might have been entirely avoided, and the piece would have been dramatically improved. Occasionally the diction in Mr. KENDAL's part is too high falutin', and not at all the sort of thing that Mr. Andrew Quick, F.S.A., the rough-and-ready traveller, modest and eccentric, would have said. Such defects as these above-mentioned are but slight, and do not in the least affect the acting, which is admirable throughout.

It is a real treat to see Mrs. KENDAL as *Dorothy Blossom*, and not only a treat, but a study to all who love the histrionic art at its very best in comedy. It is thoroughly natural, never in any one instance overdone. Her reading of the somewhat questionable paragraph in the newspaper is a triumph, as also is her breaking down utterly as the curtain falls on the sorrow of poor Miss *Dorothy* at the end of the second act.

Mr. KENDAL is the character to the life: wide-awake to the humour of the situations, and thoroughly in earnest. Mr. CHARLES GROVES, too, is admirable; with him, *ars est celare artem*, and for the moment you cannot conceive of him as being at any time anybody else than "Christopher Blossom, a country gentleman," in whose individuality, that of Mr. CHARLES GROVES, the comedian, is completely merged. Mr. PERCY AMES, as the stuttering valet, has a most difficult part, and acquits himself to perfection. In a melodrama, any one would have suspected him of murder, and so no wonder the servants are all afraid of him, and that the cook imprisons him in an outhouse. Miss NELLIE CAMPBELL enters thoroughly into the pathos and humour of *Sophia Blossom*; and Mr. RUDGE HARDING is a typical young golf-playing rector or curate, with no very strong views as to the celibacy of the clergy. Altogether a success well-merited alike by authors and actors.

MR. PUNCH'S DREYFUS DICTIONARY.

DREFUSE, to (verb active), *i.e.*, the verb to refuse, with the intensive prefix D—, equivalent to refusing strenuously, more particularly of refusing justice to any one or refusing to reopen a case. Sometimes spelt dreyfuse.

DU-PATY-DE-CLAMBER, to (verb neuter), an intensive form of the verb to clamber, usually, in a contemptuous sense, equivalent to clambering into any office or position by objectionable practices. Hence a du-paty-de-climber is equivalent to one who climbs in this manner. The verb du-paty-de-climb is also found.

ESTERHAZY (adjective), a superlative of hazy, *i.e.*, dark, dubious, and disreputable. The degrees of comparison are hazy, more hazy, esterhazy. This superlative prefix will be found very useful when joined to other adjectives. Thus an "esterhorney" man is equivalent to a man very much devoted to horses or, in a bad sense, a shady frequenter of race-courses, a welsher. It is sometimes prefixed to substantives. Thus an estersleeper is a very sound sleeper, a sluggard.

JUGER (from the French), to juggle. Hence *chose jugée*, equivalent to an affair in which some juggling has taken place.

PICQUART (adjective), a stronger form of the older word piquant. Thus, when an incident, for example, in a court of justice, is more than usually startling or sensational it is said to be picquart.

PICQUARY, to (verb active), to imprison without form of trial. To pique a man is to cause him annoyance. To picquart him is to continue to annoy him long after he has been proved to be in the right.

SCHWARTZKOPFEN, an irregular past participle passive in -en (cf. broken, taken), from the obsolete verb schwartzkop. To cop (or kop) is to catch, and a copper (or kopper), vulgarly, means a policeman. Hence, to schwartzkop is to detect or expose, and when a story is shown to be false and ridiculous, it is said to be schwartzkoppen. The word is of German origin.

WHAT game is the Duc d'Orléans playing? Is he going Nap?



IT IS PODGSON'S OPINION THAT, IF YOU WANT TO BE FIT BY NOVEMBER, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE DOING A BIT OF OCTOBER CUB-HUNTING ON FOOT. YOU CAN TAKE THE YOUNGSTERS WITH YOU TOO.

TRIALS OF A BLOODHOUND.

WAKENED unconscionably early and dragged out of warm bed into raw, foggy morning. Kennel-Boy unusually energetic; brushes me till the sparks fly. Growl remonstrance, whereupon he cracks me on the nose. Painful, very. Wonder how he'd like it.

Off to station. Kennel-Boy goes into refreshment-room. Don't offer me anything though. Lots of sporting gents at bar, and general odour of whisky. Notice Nervous Old Gentleman drinking rum and milk. "Nothing like it for keeping the cold out. He takes a purely scientific interest in the development of the olfactory powers of the— Suddenly catches sight of me, turns pale and drops tumbler. Am hurried off by K.-B. and shoved into dog-box—dark, dirty hole, not fit to put K.-B. in, let alone a dog.

Yorkshire moor. Great crowd of sportsmen, and smell of whisky stronger than ever. Evidently something up. Wonder what? Other dogs about; decent chaps, seemingly, but opportunities of smelling very limited. Just getting into conversation with a fellow when I am led out before crowd. Crowd stare and look at me through field-glasses. Embarrassing, very. Don't know what to do, so wag tail amiably and try not to look foolish. K.-B. holds out something. Hope it's eatable, but no, disappointed; only an old rag. Smell it. Crowd watch intently. Seems the right thing to do, so smell it again. Don't smell very nice, but try to look as if I appreciate it. Among other odours, seem to detect faint smell of rum. Crowd growing impatient. Tired of watching me smell rag; must think of something else to amuse them. Sniff about for rummy smells, but among so much whisky can't find it. Get on trail, at last. Crowd cheer—evidently pleased. Bark, to encourage them; crowd cheer again and back me freely. Scent grows stronger. Rush on, barking and smelling. Exhausting, very—have you ever tried it?—but clearly correct thing to do. Suddenly hear shouts of laughter from crowd. Look up and find Nervous Old Gentleman just ahead of me, running for all he is worth.

Delighted to see him; looks nice, harmless old chap, so run

up to him, wagging tail hard. N. O. G. terrified. Try to reassure him; jump up and put paws on his shoulders. N. O. G. collapses. Must be ill, or is it the rum? Lick his face. He shrieks "Help! Murder!" and continues kicking till K.-B. comes up and hauls me off.

Tremendous applause. Am led back in triumph, veritably, the "cynosure of every eye." Judges award me first prize for something or other. Wonder why?

TO BRIGHTON IN AN HOUR.

SIR,—It is prodigious! In my time, Mr. Punch, four hours even for the fastest chaise would have been monstrous quick. My barouche never did it in less. And now these railways of yours carry down the Londoners in a quarter of the time. Gad, Sir, it would have taken my breath away!

I go up to Brighton sometimes from here (I date from the Elysian Fields), and float about for a time over the Steine and the King's Road. There are some monstrous fine women there still, take my word for it, but none of them like FITZGERBERT. You never saw her, more's the pity. What d'ye think they've done with her house and the next one? They've turned one into a "Young Men's Christian Association," and the other into a School Board Office. Gad, Sir, what d'ye think of that? And they've made my Pavilion a place for concerts, and there's never a prize-fight in the town. But the whole country's going to the dogs. I used to think a man who drank claret was a poor, effeminate creature, but he was a downright, good, three-bottle man compared to your teetotollers, your three-teapot men, or whatever you call 'em.

But Brighton is not what it was. It has grown monstrous large. In my time the sky was always clear, and now there's a devilish quantity of smoke. But the people seem to like that, for the worst smoke of all—with the most devilish fumes and smells—comes day and night from some chimneys belonging to the Town Council. One of them is where they make that new-fangled electric light. Light, by George! Why, the smoke makes the town as murky and gloomy as Hades. Fact, Sir!

However, you all like coal-smoke now, even in London, for you do nothing to diminish it. When you go travelling you have a puffing, smoking machine in front of you, and you seem to prefer it to four good horses in a barouche, which was vastly agreeable, I assure you.

This brings me back to what I started with. I went to Brighton by the first railway train which travelled there in an hour. Gad, Sir, we went like the deuce! I paid nothing, for of course no one saw me. Even your Psychical Society would not have noticed me, but then they are the last people in the world to see any of us, when we come back again. So I tried those coaches called Pullman, which come from the old American Colonies. Gad, Sir, it's a pity my father was so injudicious with the colonists! He absolutely would not make those what d'ye call 'em concessions—those "graceful concessions"—even to our own people. Damme, Sir, now you do nothing but make "graceful concessions" to foreigners, and to anti-vaccination fools and other fools at home! You'll all be sorry for it some day. Gad, Sir, it will cost you more than I did, and my debts were certainly large, devilish large!

But you don't make other things graceful now. With all your cleverness you have made no new street as good as my Regent Street. As for Brighton, they have put up some statues near my Pavilion, which, if you should see them, would make you hurry to the railway station and come home in an hour, or faster if it were possible. Damme, Sir, with their statues and their smoke, they will be the ruin of Brighton! GEORGE, R.

P.S.—I still use my old signature, though it is now inaccurate.

A MUSICAL NOTE.—We regret to hear that Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, the distinguished tenor, is about to retire. Why? "LLOYD's weakly" cannot be the reason, as he is a *tenore robustissimo*, and going strong on his farewell *tour de force*. Perhaps he will take another tour, and "turn again," like WHITTINGTON, in order to give that tone to musical society which will be lost when he no longer adorns it. We may yet hope to hear that when our excellent tenor talked about permanently retiring he was not sticking to the exact truth, but that "he LLOYD to us." EDWARD LLOYD has always been a retiring tenor, never over-puffed and over-advertised. So why not remain with us and be, as heretofore, invariably "retiring"?

MORAL TEACHING OF THE DINNER GIVEN TO PROFESSOR VIRCHOW.—"Be Virchowous and you'll be happy."

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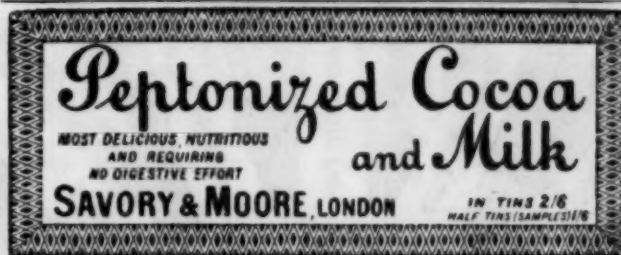
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